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TOP CAT
NO. 17
MAY
CDC

ONLY
20¢

ALL NEW

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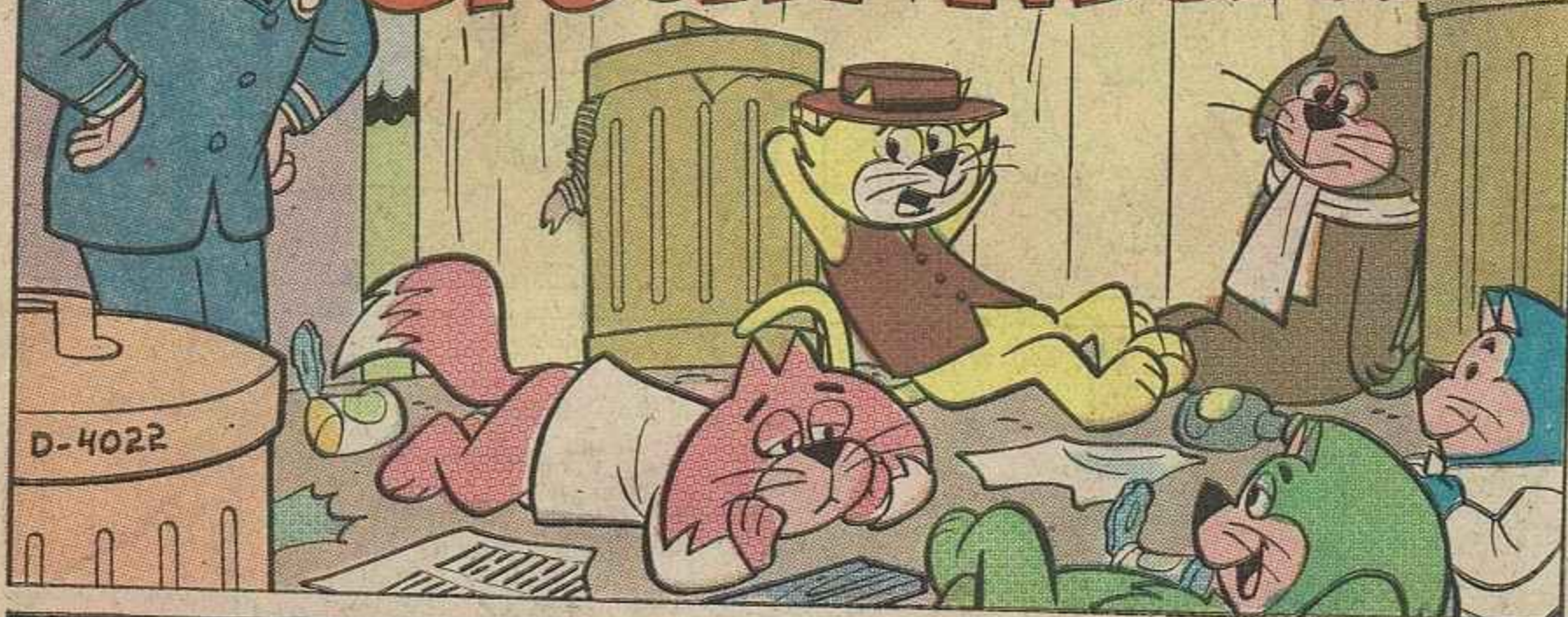
TOP CAT



**TOP
Cat**

CLEAN IT UP, TOP CAT, OR
IT'S JAIL FOR YOU AND YOUR
BUDDIES.

Clean-Mad



OKAY,
OFFICER
DIBBLE.
BUT IT'S
NOT FAIR.

IT'S EVERY
CITIZEN'S DUTY
TO KEEP THE
CITY CLEAN!

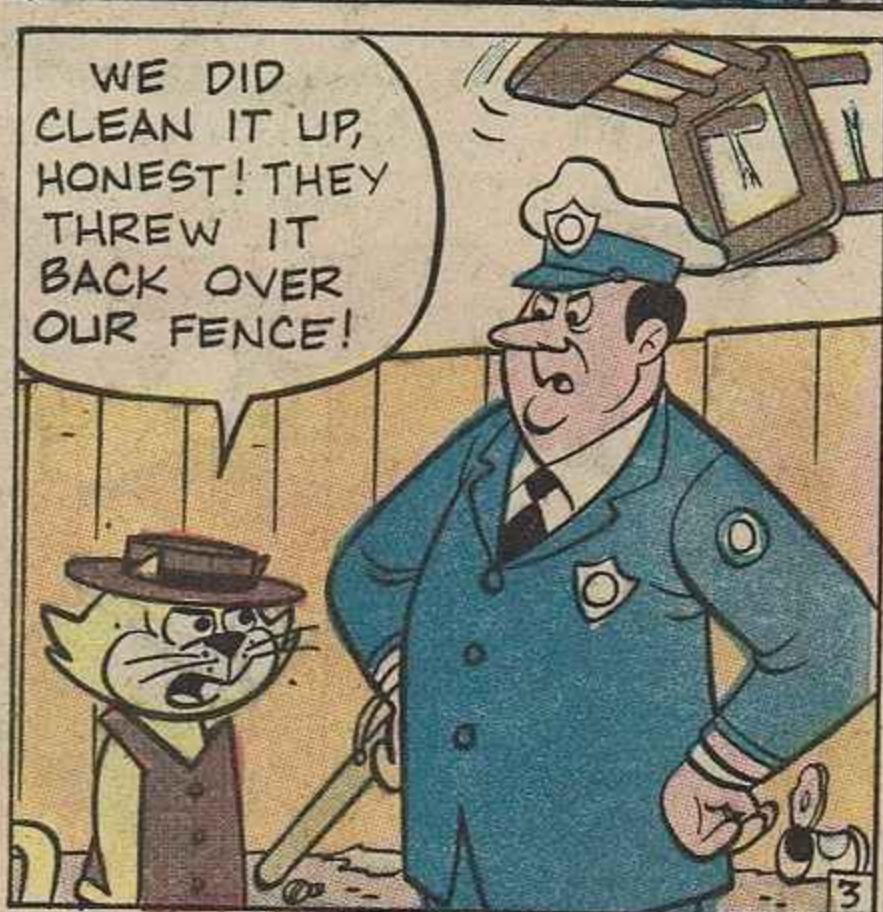
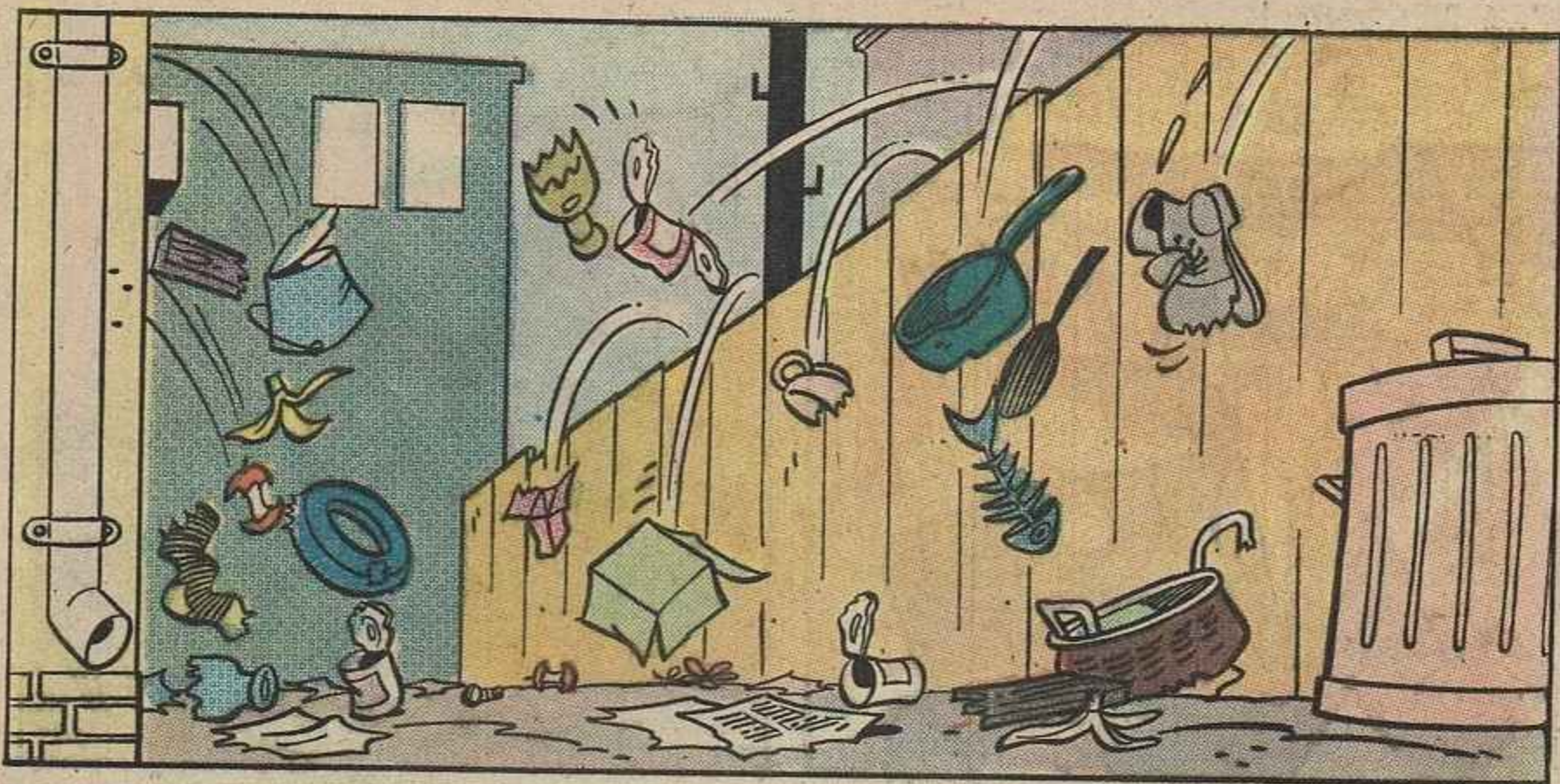
THEN MAKE
THEM CLEAN
UP THEIR
PROPERTY,
ALSO.

OKAY, I WILL,
BUT **YOU CLEAN
YOURS!**



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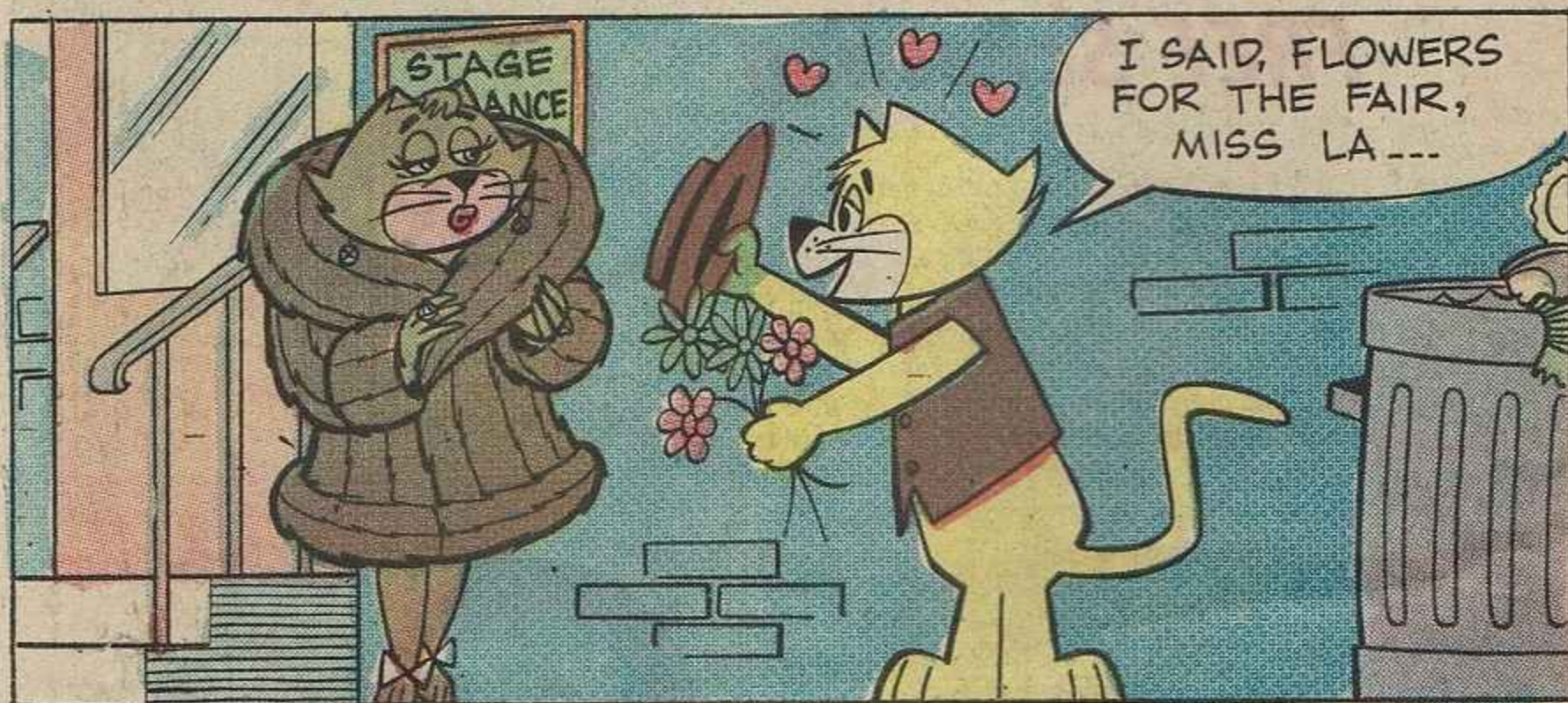


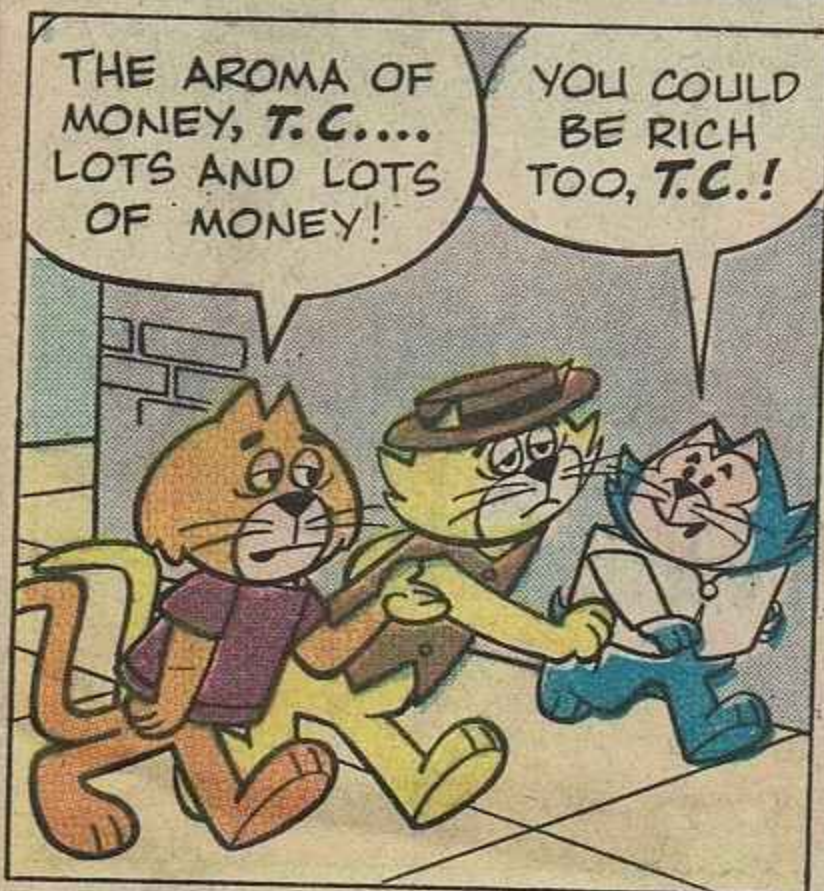




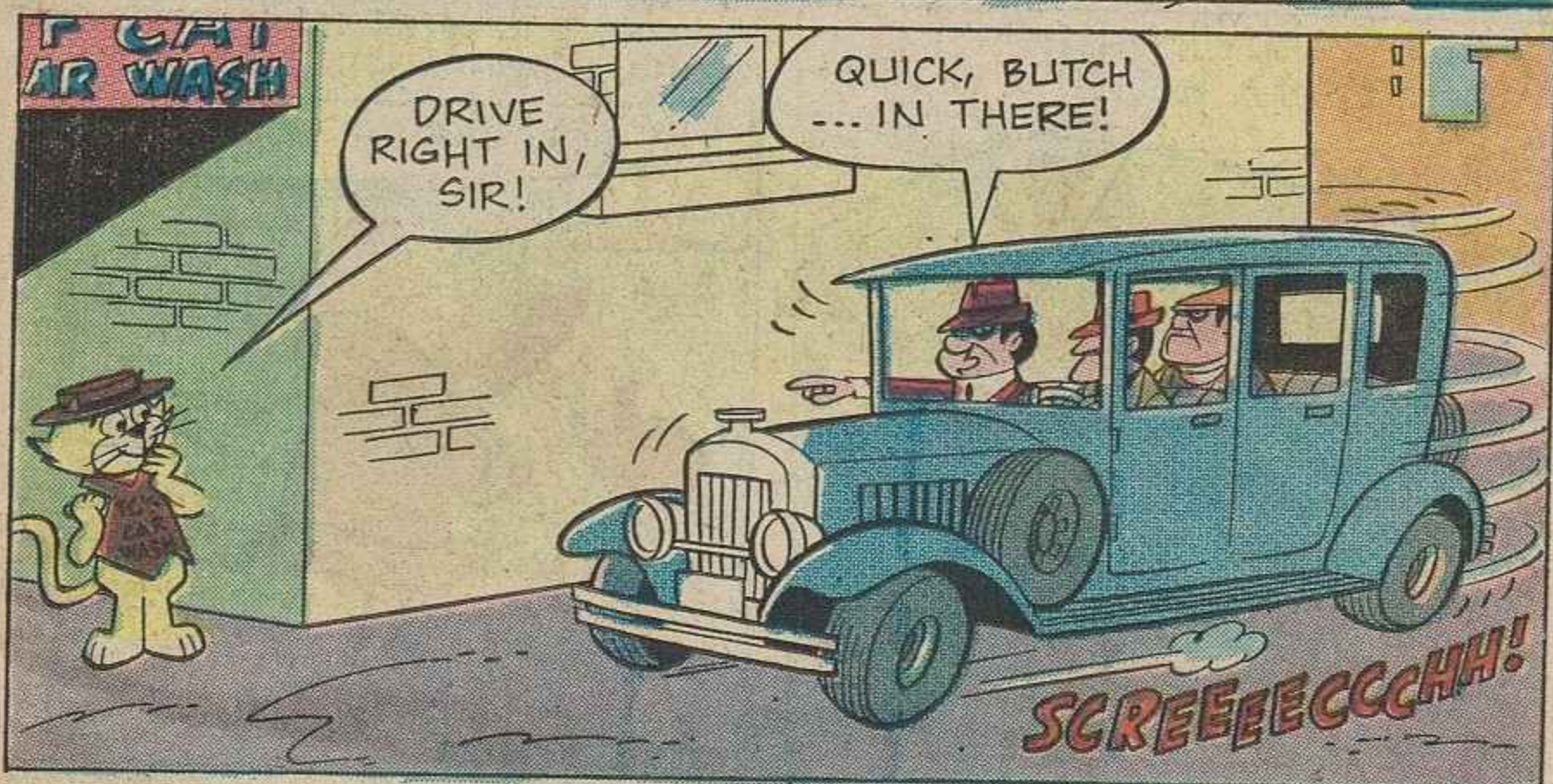
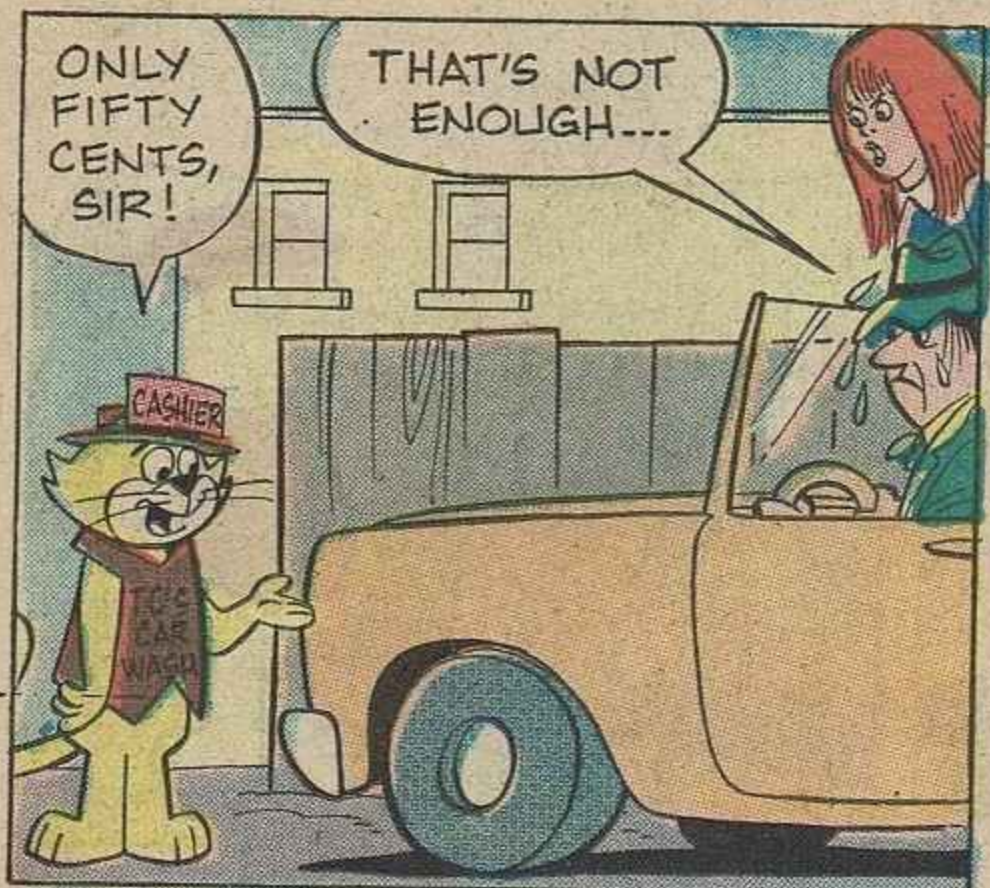
**TOP
Cat**

THE WAY TO A MAID'S HEART...

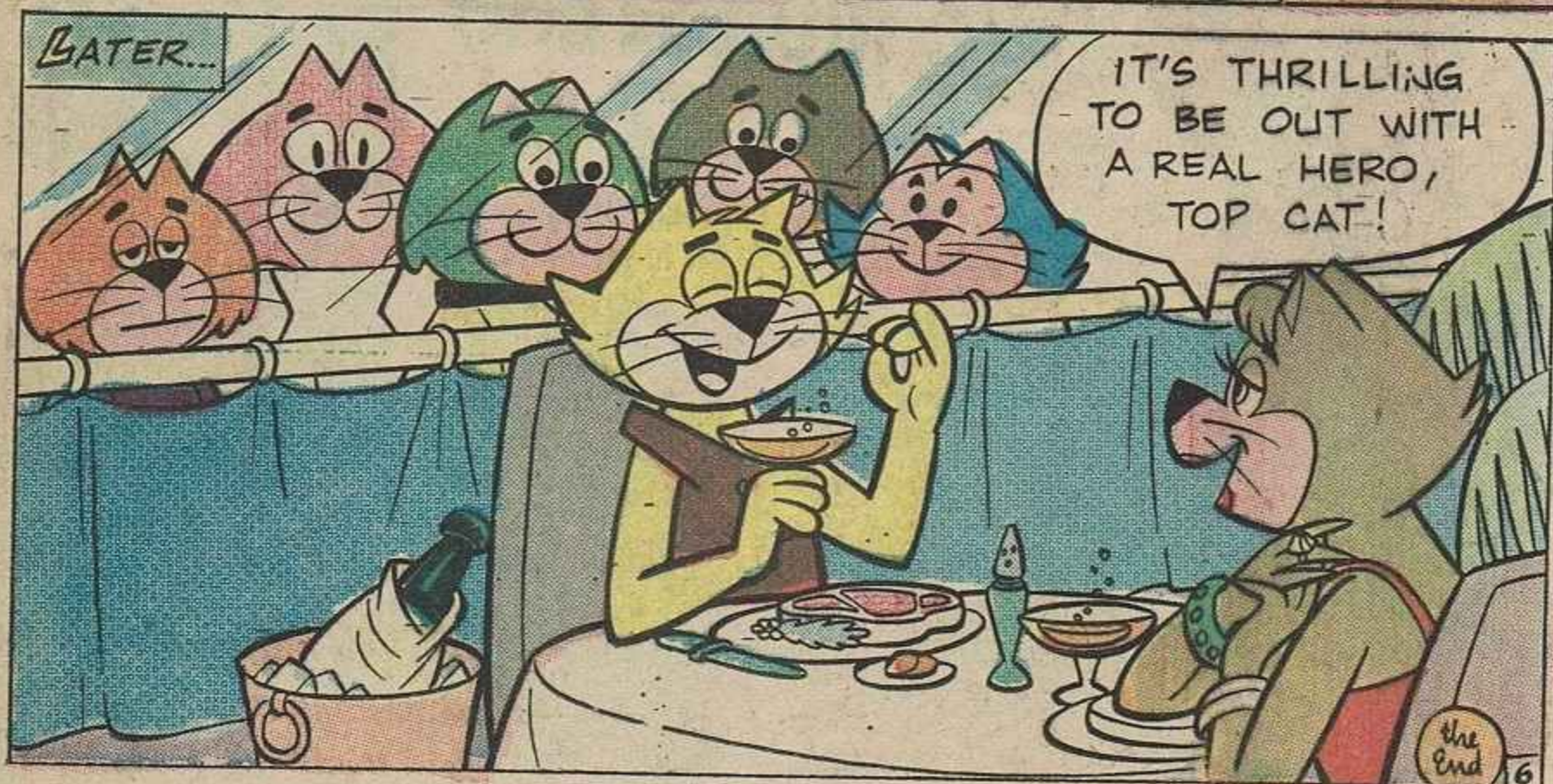
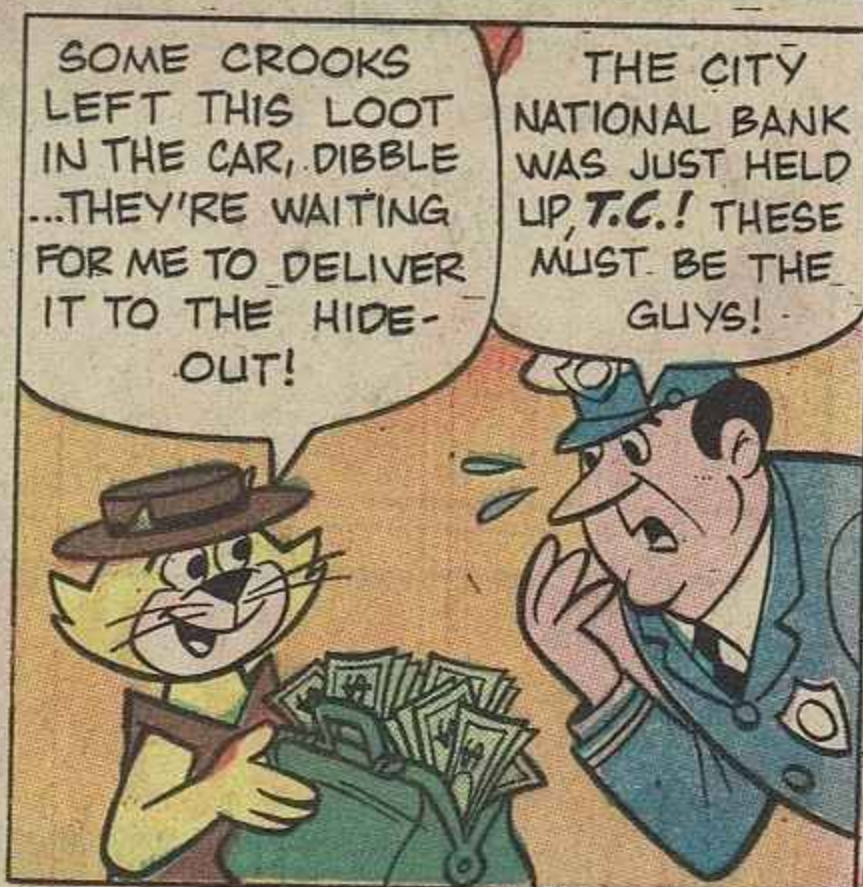












TOP CAT WRONG NUMBER



I'D LIKE TO SEE DIBBLE'S FACE WHEN HE ASKS THEM WHAT THEY WANT AT THE STATION HOUSE.



THAT WASN'T THE COMMISSIONER ON THE PHONE... IT WAS A FRIEND OF TOP CAT'S! I'LL TRAP HIM IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



LATER.

HE'S GONNA USE MY TELEPHONE TO CALL A BOOKMAKER! THIS TIME I CAN'T MISS!



UH, HOLD IT A MINUTE, HARRY!

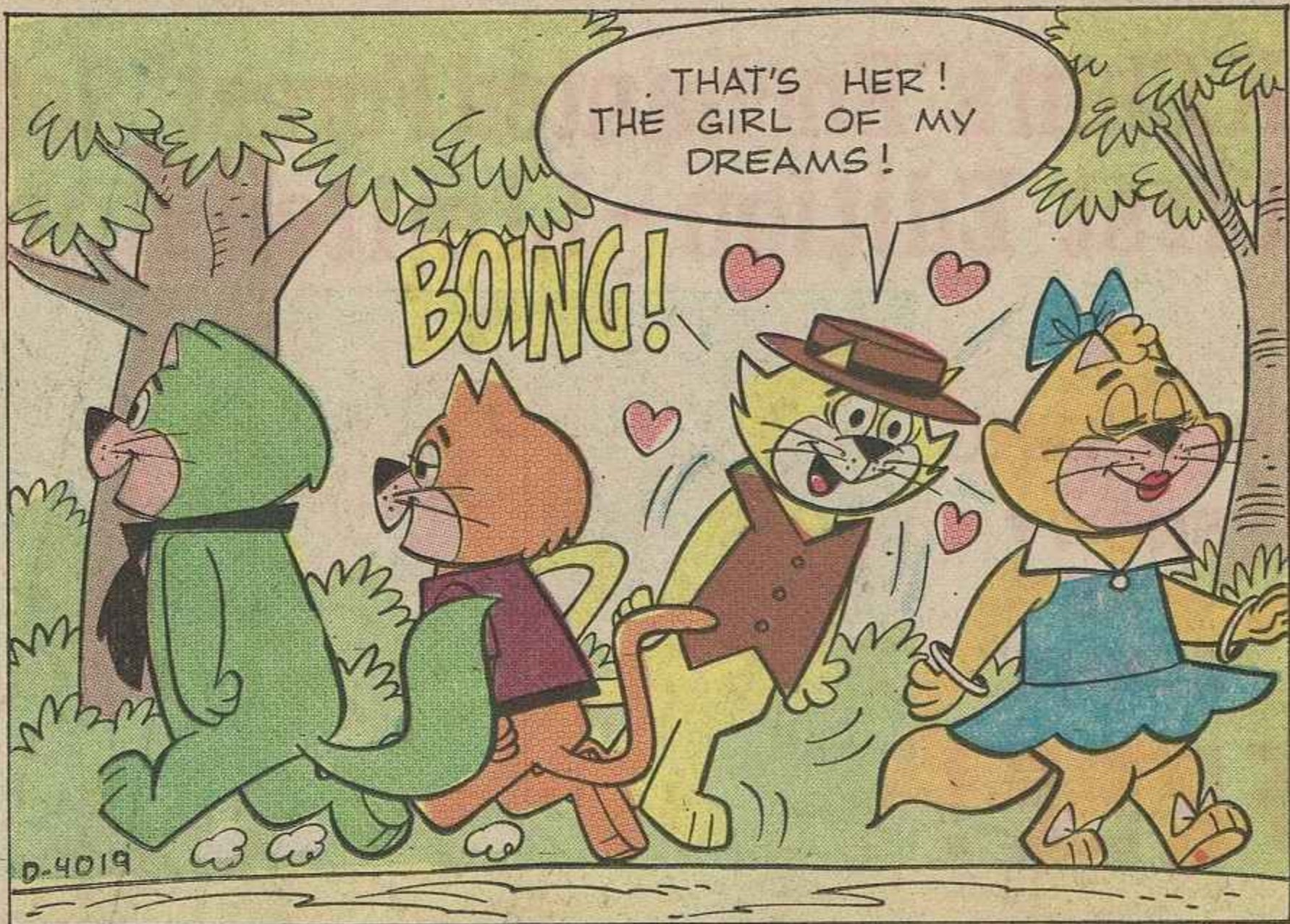
I WANTA CLEAN UP THE ALLEY!



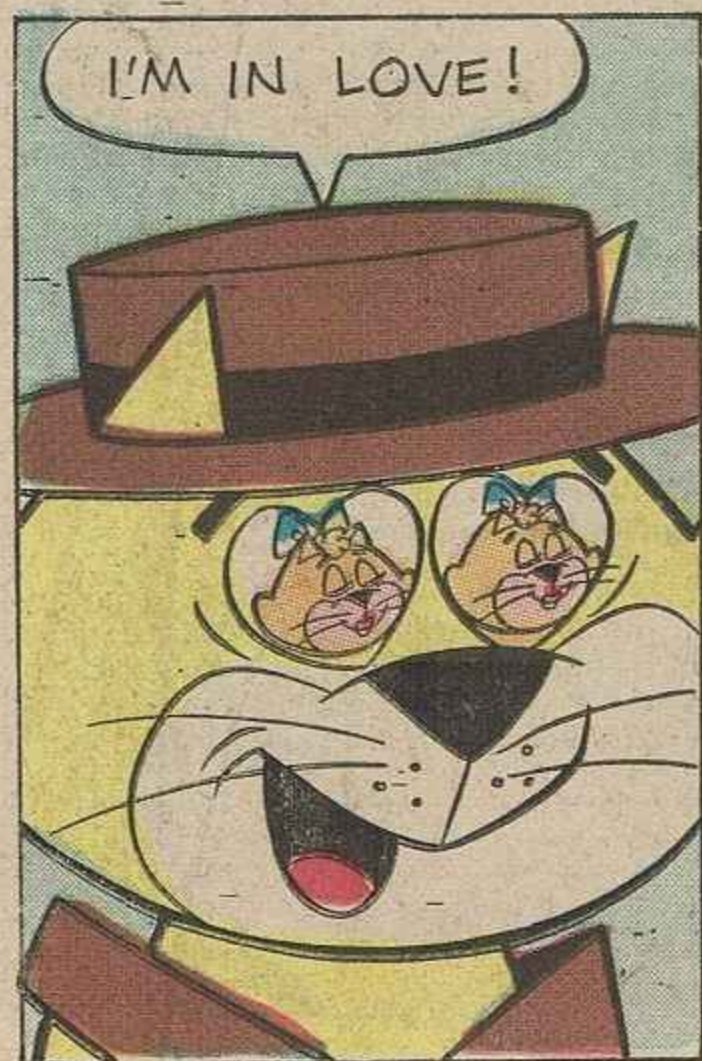
YEAH, HARRY... IT'S OKAY --- I CAN TALK NOW!

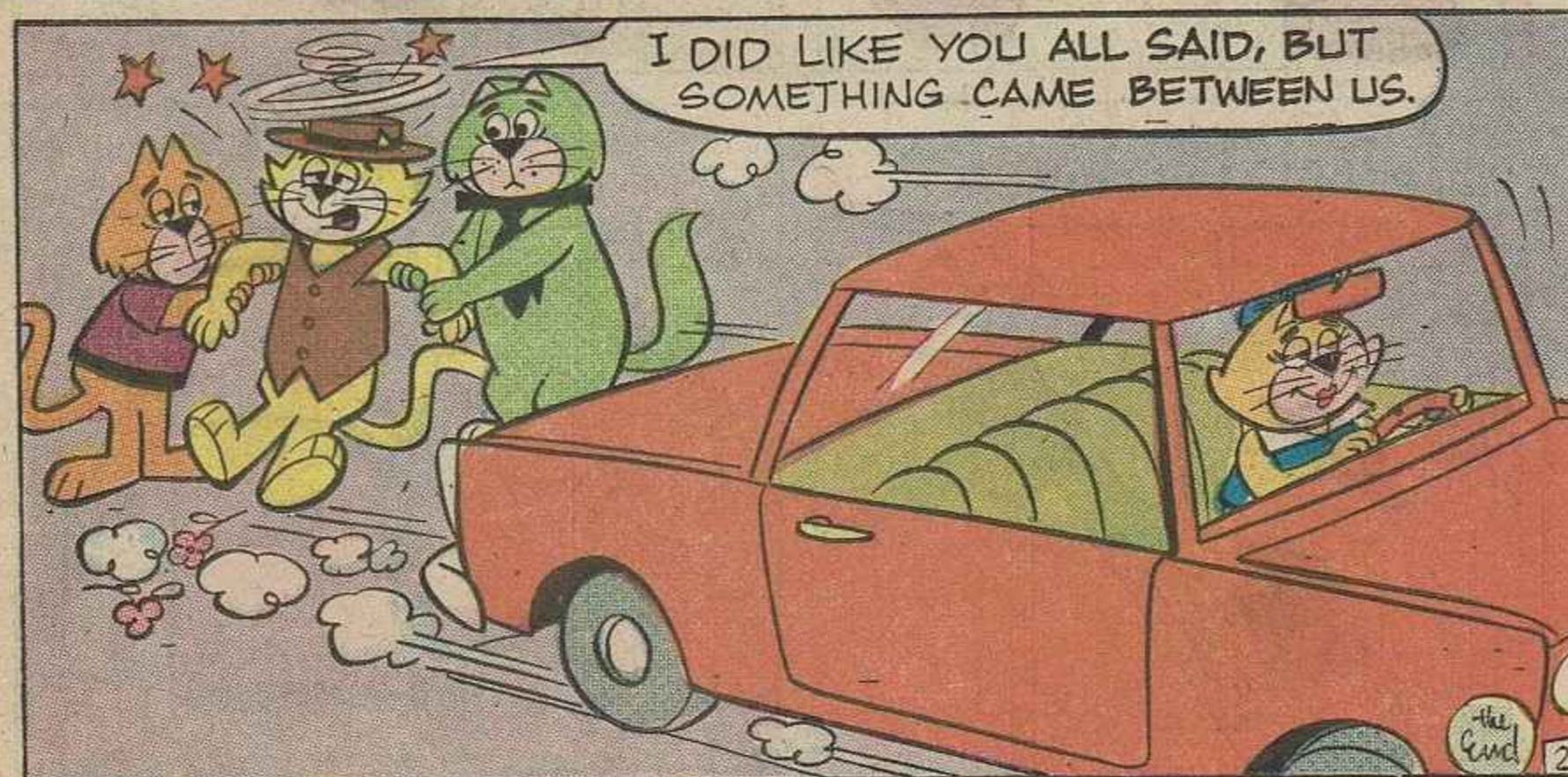
I GOT A HUNCH... I WANT A BUCK ON **BYE-BYE FUZZ** IN THE SIXTH AT SANTA ANITA!





TOP CAT "LOVE-STRUCK"





TOP Cat POW! TO THE MOON!

NOT ME, BRAIN! I AIN'T NO ASTRONUT!

I'VE COMPUTERIZED EVERYTHING, BENNY! NOTHING COULD GO WRONG!

ARE YOU FOR REAL, BRAIN?



THE LAUNCHING RAMP IS AIMED STRAIGHT FOR THE MOON! THE ROCKET ENGINES CANNOT FAIL!

YOU'RE A KOOK, BRAIN!

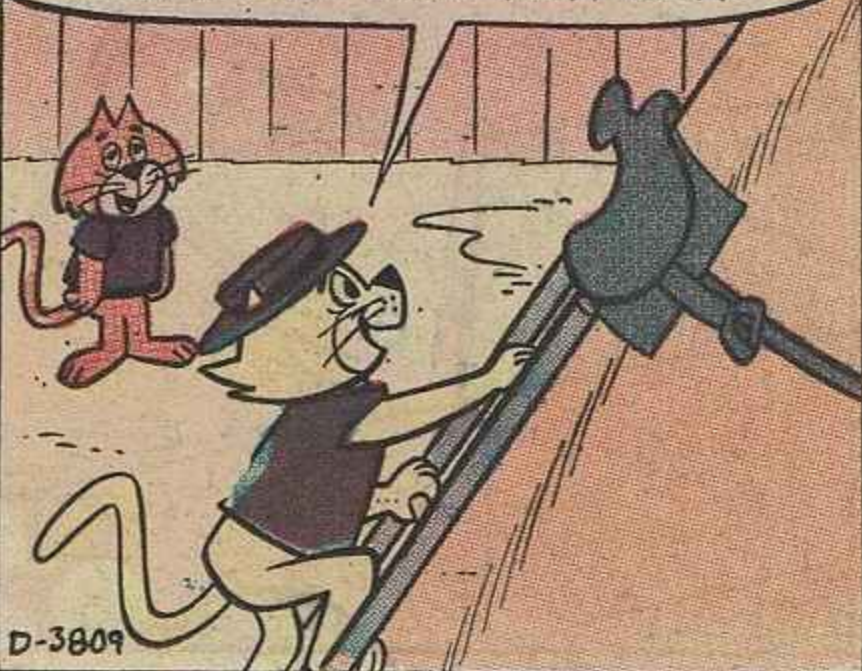


KOOK, AM I? GO UP AND INSPECT THE CONTROLS!

WHAT COULD I LOSE?



YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING BUT A PILOT, BRAIN! HEH HEH HEH!



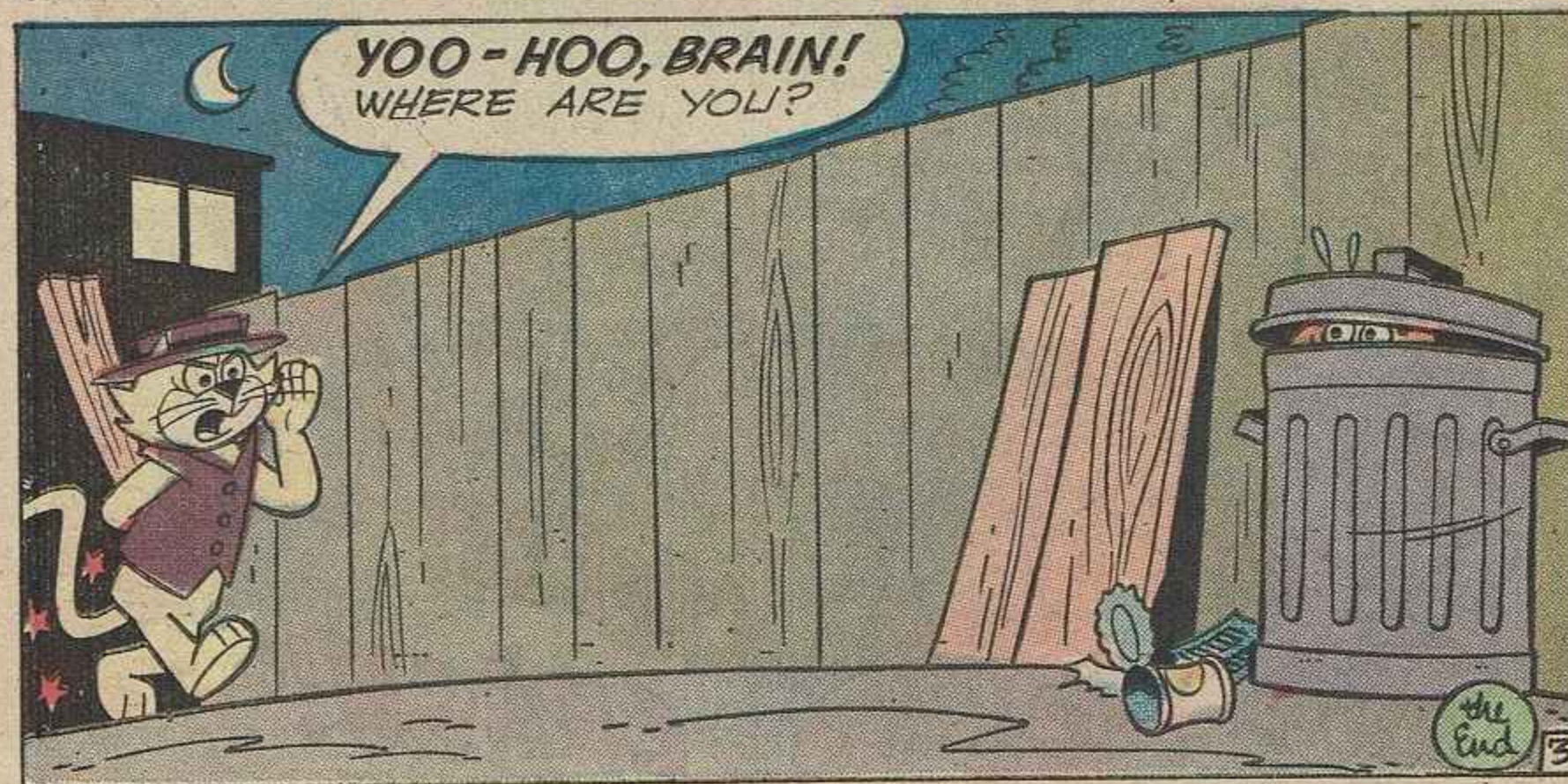
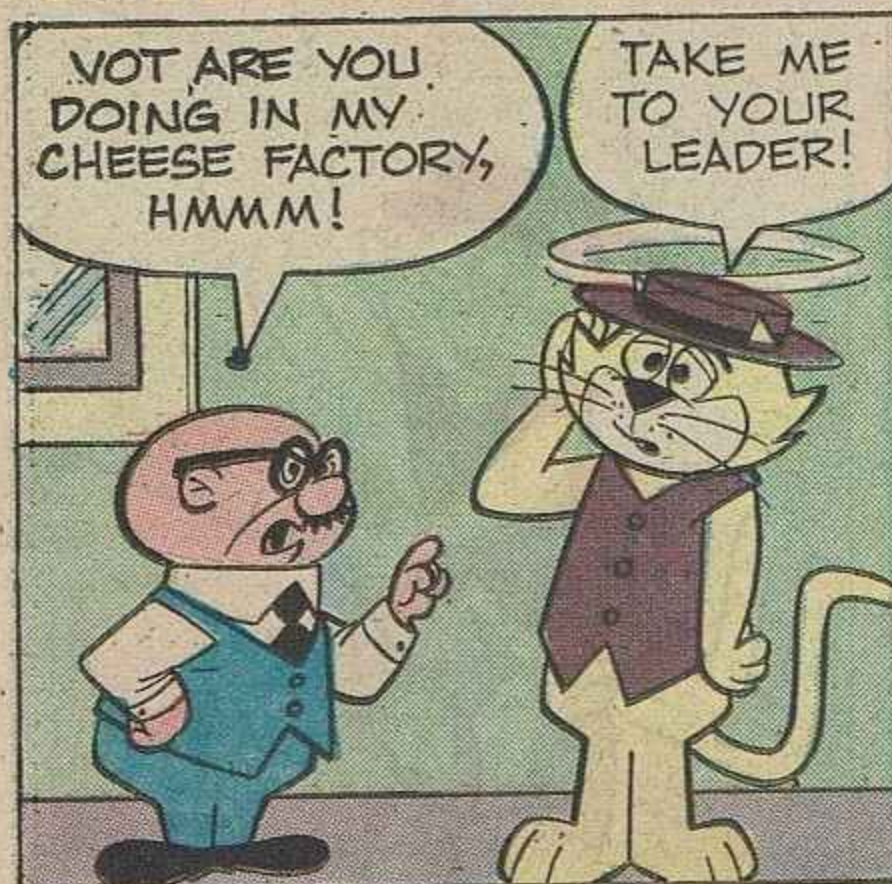
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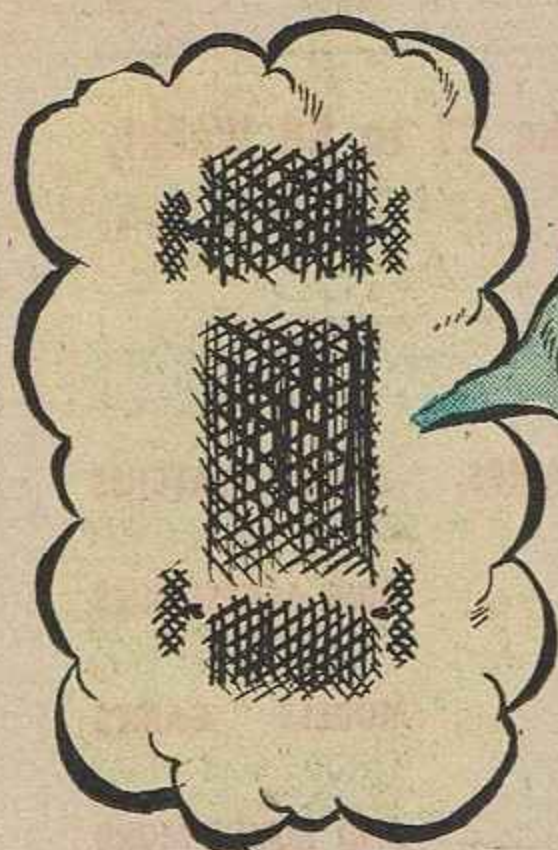
IT'LL NEVER GET OFF THE GROUND, BRAIN! HEH HEH HEH!

YEAH, T.C...
HEH
HEH
HEH









The Perfect Car!

There is a certain automobile company that makes the most expensive car in the world. Their cheapest model starts at the nice price of \$22,000.00. They have two expensive-expensive models. One is gold plated and sells for \$65,789.12. The other is built with armor plate. It sells for \$73,989.15. Personally I do not care for either of these models. Since I am in no mood to give them a free plug, I will use a fictitious name for their second priced car. It is called, "El Excelente" and sells for the round sum of \$24,000.00.

When General Howard L. Meadows retired from the United States Army, he received many invitations to visit people all over the world. He had made wise investments and thus had a lot of money in the bank and invested in the first rate securities. He decided to purchase "El Excelente". He flew to London and visited their main offices.

"The nature of our life long guarantee is simple," said the manager, Mr. Reynold Bigmouthington II. "All you have to do is to have it serviced every ten thousand miles. We say to you that nothing can happen to the car. It just will continue to operate perfectly. Whether it be in the frozen arctic wastelands. Or on the desert sands of Arabia. That is our guarantee."

"But suppose something did happen to me while I was driving," persisted the General. "After all I am an old army man. would be surprised to learn how many jeeps and cars have crumbled to pieces while carrying me as their human cargo."

"Since you will worry regardless of what I have to tell you," continued the manager, "I shall put your mind at ease. We will install a special radio in your car. It will always be able to contact us here. Let us imagine the impossible. That your car refused to go ahead. You contact us. We will immediately send mechanics to look over your car. And start it for you again. I will even put that in the guarantee. Satisfied?"

"Yes," smiled the General. "Now I feel I am safe anywhere in this wide world."

A month later he was alone in his car. Crossing the famous Kaharhi Desert. It was just outside the village of Al-Mantah that his car refused to start. He walked to the village. The local mayor was sad but to the

point.

"Now if you had a camel we have a lot of experts here who would know what to do. But a car? Ah, that is something else. I have a radio in my house. I can contact the capital. In the meanwhile, be my guest."

The General went back to his car. On his special radio he contacted London. He was told cheerful news.

"Within two hours our mechanics will be there to help you. We will drop them by parachute to where you are."

And sure enough, exactly two hours later a big plane appeared in the sky. There were three parachutes with men. And about ten parachutes with supplies.

One of the men immediately set up a large tent. And then he furnished it completely.

"I shall be your personal butler until things have been satisfactorily adjusted," he told the General.

For three days the fascinated army officer watched two expert mechanics at work. They replaced the motor, the transmission, the body, the furnishings and the four wheels. When finished they waited. Apparently they had sent some kind of a signal. For a large helicopter landed and took them all away. The General was no fool. In his mind he figured the bill would be at least ten thousand dollars.

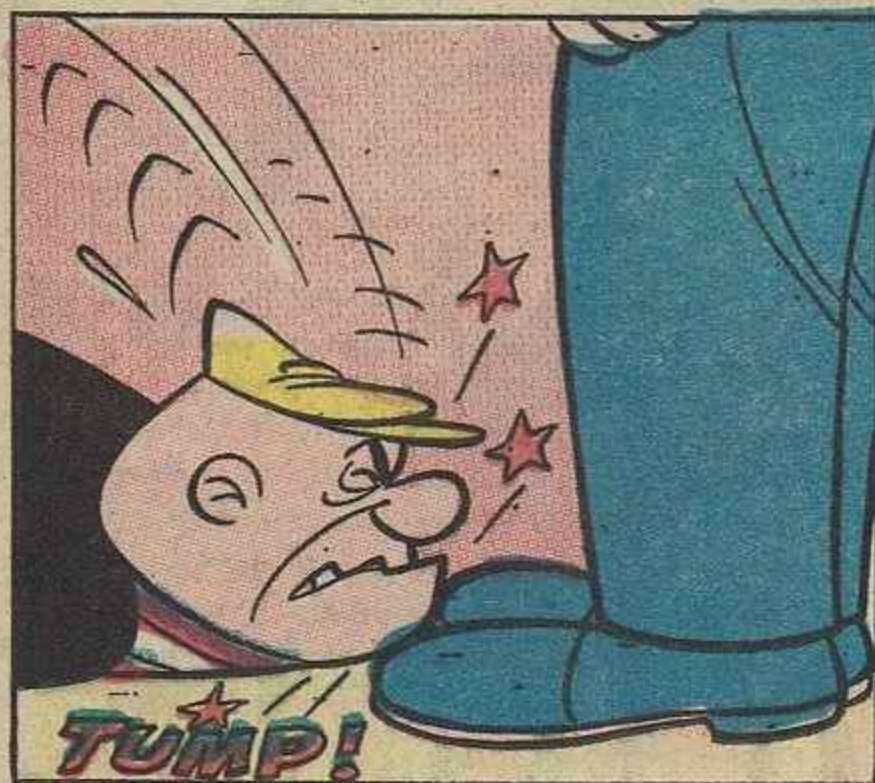
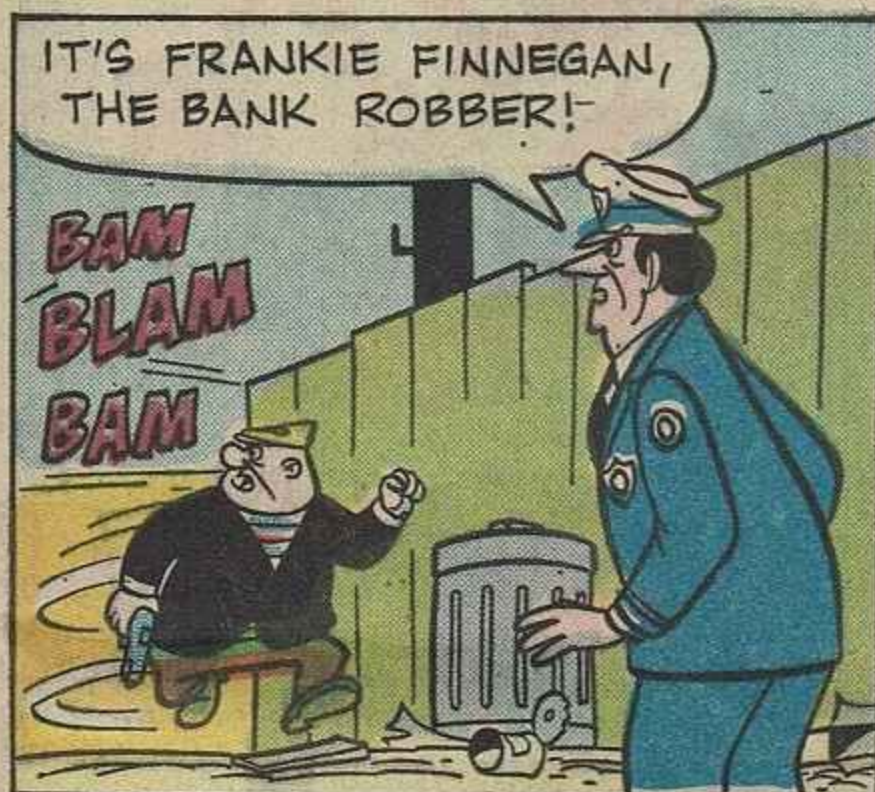
He continued on his way. And then a month later he was back in London. Facing Mr. Reynold Bigmouthington II.

"I do want to thank you for the excellent and most unusual service you rendered to me out here on the Kaharhi Desert. I figure I owe you some money. Kindly tell me how much it is?"

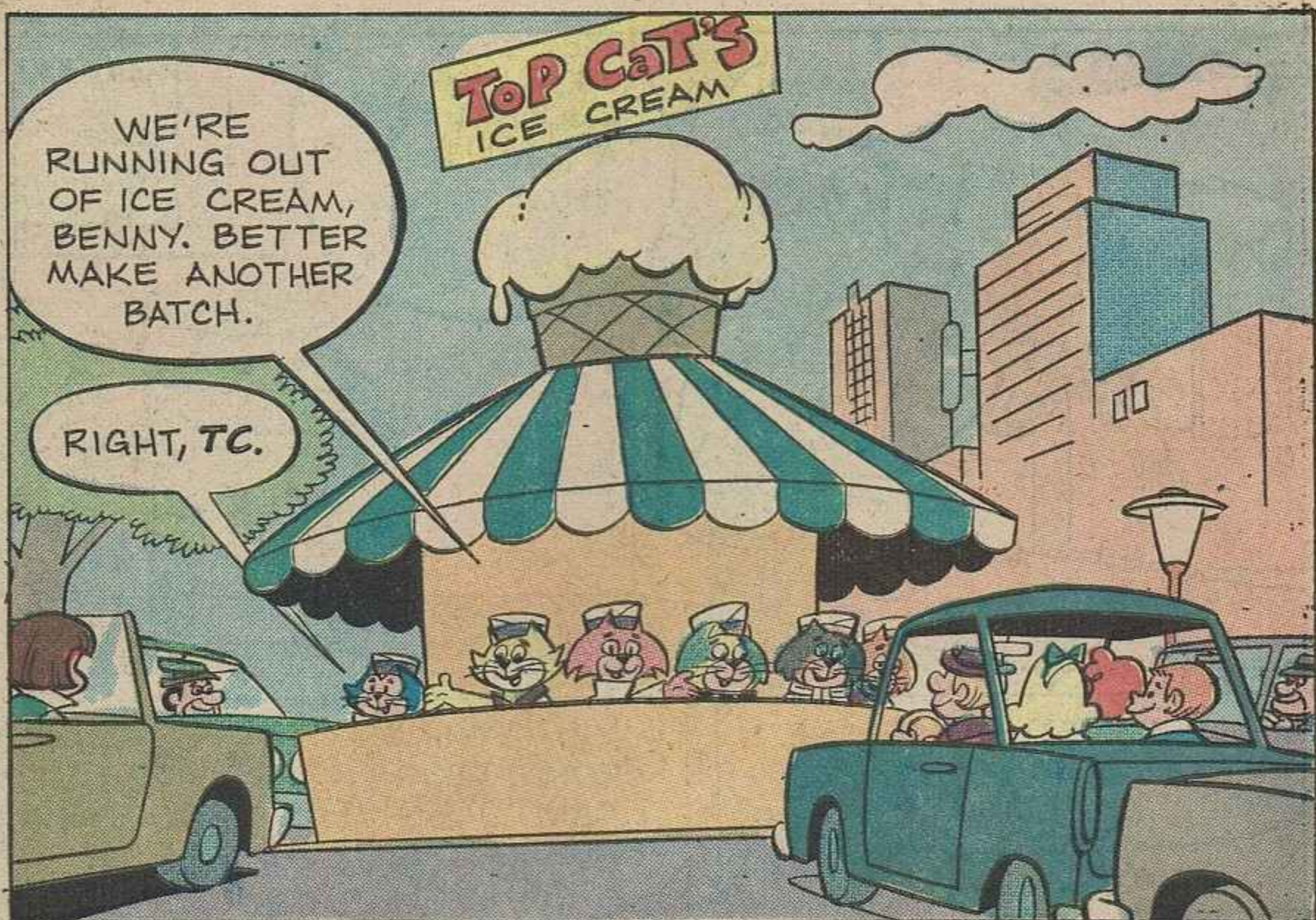
The manager spent fifteen minutes going over his records. Then he spoke slowly and sadly.

"I don't know how to say this. We sold you a perfect car. It has been and always will be the perfect car. We have no record of any call from you to fix a car that can't break down. We have no record of sending any mechanics or supplies to you. Please forgive me for what I now say to you. Out there the heat does affect some people. It must have been a mirage or an illusion. Since we rendered nothing-logically you can owe us nothing."

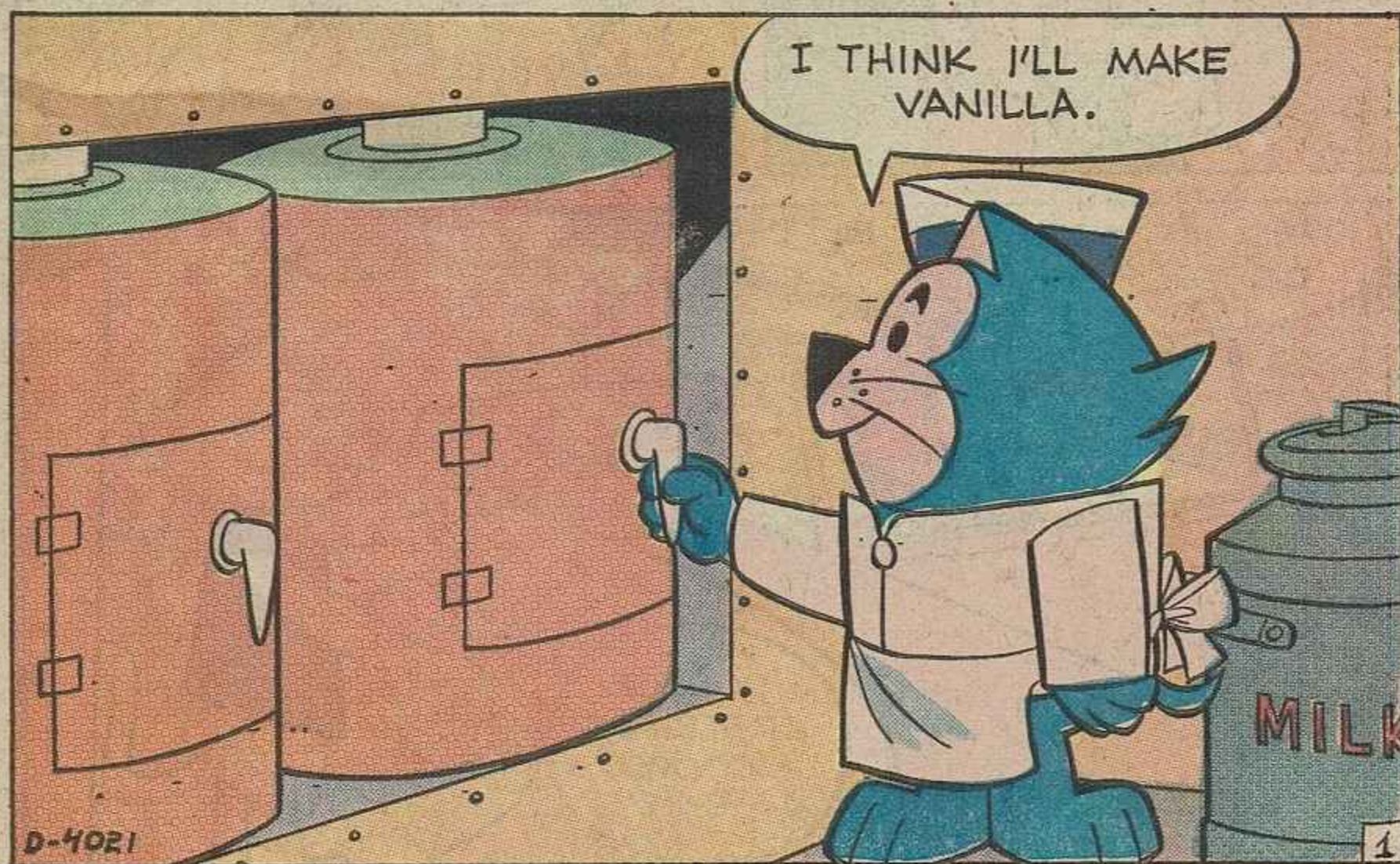
TOP CAT WHERE'D EVERYBODY GO?



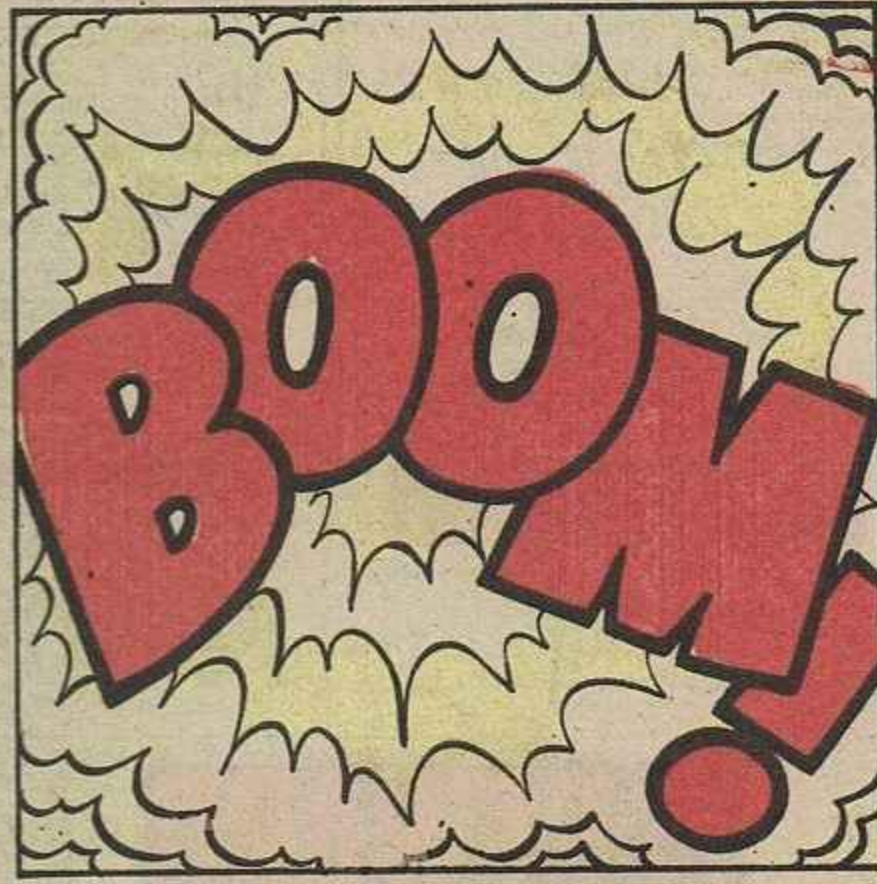
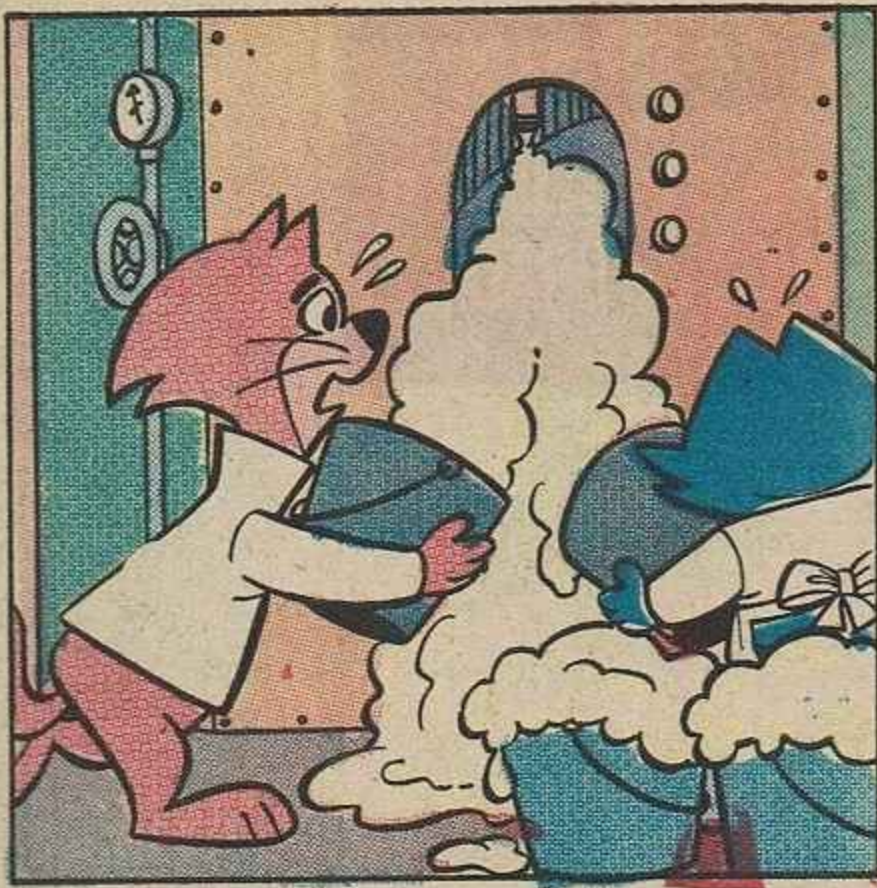




TOP CAT "ICE CREAM YOU SCREAM"







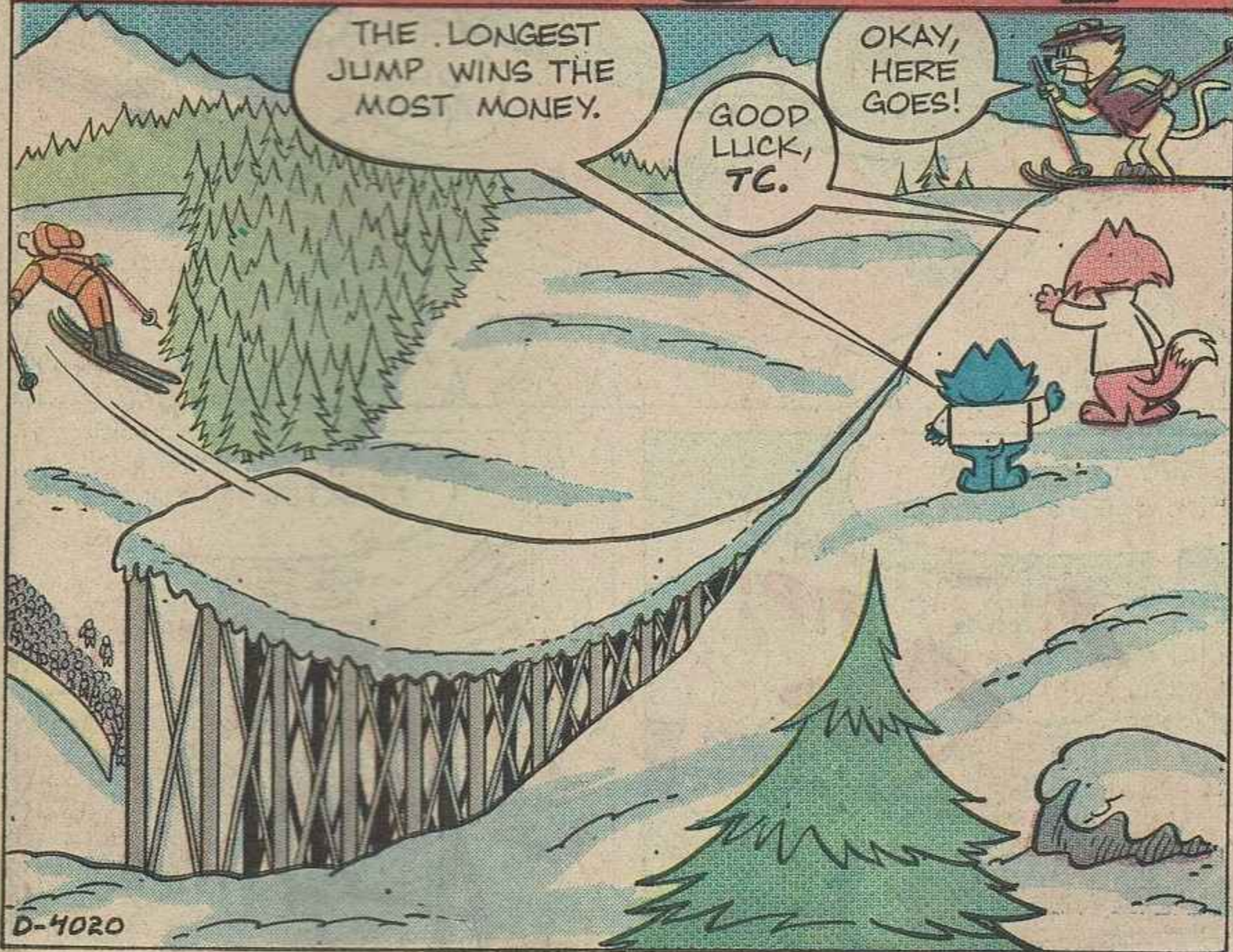
**TOP
CAT**

"Cat-Bird"

THE LONGEST
JUMP WINS THE
MOST MONEY.

GOOD
LUCK,
TC.

OKAY,
HERE
GOES!



D-4020

MAYBE IF I FLAP MY
ARMS I'LL GO HIGHER.

